

WASHINGTON CRITIC

WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER, 2, 1887.

THE OLD LINEN DUSTER.

How dear to my heart is the old linen duster.
The old linen duster that covers my back,
It never did fit me, was made for a bustier,
A bustier much bigger than I am, black
Yester summer, when those Hades
Hit home.

That old linen duster I never would swap
For a new overcoat made of seal-skin and otter,
With a graft of pure gold set with diamonds,
That valentines duster,
That old linen duster,
That bustier of a duster that covers my back.
—[Boston Courier.]

THE 'SQUIRE'S WOOING.

"Squire Kimball was working in his garden when Lucy Keene came down the road that beautiful May morning. The sight of her fresh young face set the old man thinking how at one time in his life he had loved her mother, and the daughter's face seemed exactly like the one he had known so well.

"Good morning," he cried out, cheerfully, from his work.

"Good morning!" said the girl, stopping at the fence, and shading her eyes with her hand. "My! how your strawberries grow! — How you look! We'll get a puff-out for our patch."

"Well, I tell you my ma sue can help herself to mine whenever she wants 'em. Let me see. Tell her I'll come over Saturday and bring some of them with me. But I say, I had a letter from Charley yesterday," with a smile.

"Yes?" she said, blushing and pulling at a daisy in her hand. "You ought to be glad of that, 'Squire. Coming down here?"

"Well, don't disappoint us Saturday, we're bound to go."

"I won't," said the 'Squire, going back to his work.

He was very thoughtful, however, all the afternoon, and when Charley arrived he took an early opportunity to corner him.

"I've been thinkin' some lately of gettin' a new housekeeper," he said, meting, growing very red in the face.

"Doesn't Ann Sarah want to stay?" asked Charley, unsuspecting.

"I mean—ain't—a housekeeper of the 'Squire's kind!" exclaimed the 'Squire explosively, wiping his face very energetically after the completion of the difficult sentence.

"I think I begin to understand," said Charley, in great surprise. "May I ask what it is?"

"It's—It's—down the road," answered the 'Squire, choking considerably over the words, and jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the Widow Keene's.

"That's the way the wind blows, is it?" laughed Charley. "I'm glad to hear it. You couldn't do better if you had the way over."

"I'm bound to hear you say so," said his father, much relieved. "I felt sure you'd like to have Lucy as—as—a member of the family."

"I haven't the least objection to such an arrangement," answered Charley, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Thank the Lord, that's over with," said the 'Squire, drawing a long breath, as Charley strolled off down the path in the twilight. "That's a sensible boy. I wonder, now, that he never took a fancy to Lucy. I suppose folks'll say I'm an old oil, but I don't care."

About 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, in his best coat, and with a pair of strawberries in his arm, knocked at Mrs. Kimball's door.

"Good afternoon," she said, opening the door to her visitor. He couldn't help thinking that her face was almost as fair as it had been 25 years ago, as she welcomed him in.

The 'Squire wanted to say he'd like her daughter, but concluded he wouldn't just then.

By that time he was in the sitting-room. Who should he see there but Charley, looking worried for Lucy to wind, and seeming very much home-sick. "I—I don't expect to see you here, but I expect you'll be here."

Then Lucy and Charley tried hard to look very demure and failed, and finally got to laughing. The 'Squire felt his face growing uncomfortably warm.

"Just see what he brought us," said the widow, displaying the berries. "If you'll pull some, Lucy, we'll have a shortcake for tea. I remember you used to be rather fond of shortcake a good many years ago," she said to the 'Squire, and smiled till a dimple showed itself in each cheek.

"I know what you're thinkin' of," responded he. "That was little the house shortie I ever came across, Hester," said the widow, smiling over the recollection of some pleasant event in gone years. Then Lucy and her mother went to the kitchen and the 'Squire and his son were left together."

"I've spoken to her about being one of the family, and she's willing," said Charley, with a little blush.

"What?" The 'Squire felt hot and cold by turns. "I—I don't understand!"

He didn't know what you said the other night, when you told me you thought of getting her mother for a housekeeper," explained Charley. "I supposed from that that you understood Lucy and I intended to be married sometime. We've talked it over, and it's all settled."

The 'Squire was speechless for the space of a minute.

"I hope you'll be happy," he managed to say, very faintly, at last.

Just then the widow came in.

"I've got the cake baking," she said. "Lucy said she'd hull the berries and set the table, and sent me in to play host. So I came."

Charley concluded he could pull strawberries, too, and slipped out into the kitchen.

The 'Squire had made up his mind again. If he couldn't have Lucy he'd have her mother.

"What's the use of waiting?" thought he. "It might as well be settled now at any time."

A happy thought came to him at last, about for words to express his desire.

"Hester," very suddenly, and with the energy of desperation, "you said if you had anything I'd like I was welcome to it. I want you to have Lucy."

"Why?" Lucy said, blushing so rosily that she felt sure that she was prettier than her daughter.

When Lucy came in, half an hour later, to tell them supper was ready, Squire Kimball rose up, blushing like a gnat; and said:

"This is your mother, Lucy," pointing to the widow.

"I knew that a long time ago," answered Lucy, laughing.

"Goodness, what a blunder," cried the 'Squire. "I meant this was Mrs. Kimball, or just a friend."

"I suppose I may kiss my father, then," Lucy said, and kissed the delighted 'Squire plump on the mouth.

"And you may give me another for your father in law while you're about it," he laughed.

"One will answer for both," said Lucy,亟ly.

And then the 'Squire gave his arm

to the woman he had meant to marry five and twenty years before, and led her out to tea perfectly satisfied with the way things had turned out.—[Chicago Mail.]

HOW DOES IT HAPPEN?

That There is Such Complaint About the Examinations for Promotion?

A correspondent of the Post, alluding to the results of the recent civil service examinations for promotion in the Adjutant-General's Office, expresses a good deal of surprise that men of recognized ability and education should have been "rated low," while others who had no such qualifications, nor even clerical experience, were rated "high." Yet, as everybody who submitted to the examinations passed at one rate or another, it was supposed that no one would "equal" our any fault be found.

How these things happen is accounted for by the correspondent on the theory that the old system of favoritism still prevails in the War Department, and retains control of the examinations. The Post quotes Mr. Straub, of the Western Union, who said: "The Chicago Board of Trade charged the Underground Conduct Company with furnishing marked shops to write the examinations for the Western Union Telegraph Companies continued to charge the Board of Trade with favoritism to the Western Union."

Henry King, prominent merchant of Georgetown, Ohio, visited Cincinnati on business, and spent the night with Mr. George L. Smith, of the Western Union.

Early morning Mr. Straub found the Mr. King had fallen from the window and received fatal injuries.

The school teacher, a young man, with long, small hair, and some pimpy on his face, was the first to be sent to the hospital, and he was told: "Saratoga was a tremendous trough where the country and drove themselves summers to winter, and I stayed in it just as long as I durst for fear of breakin' open my own chest, that the water got into us, instid of our gettin' into the water, but I didn't make him understand, for I heard afterwards of his death, that on such a day he could make out we all got into the water's trough and was washed away."

The steamer of Alexandria, which arrived at New York from Havana yesterday, was bound for Boston, and was captured by the British blockade ship "Leander" in the Netherland, and was abandoned in a hurricane August 24.

And I say warmly, "It ain't no such thing, if it is a village, for I have seen a pilot who went right through it, and watered all houses, and says it is a waterin' place."

"Yes," says he, "it is a beautiful village, a model retired city, and at the same time it is the most noted spot on this continent."

"I wouldn't content with him for it wuz a waterin' place, but I would have to pay him for it, and I would have to pay him for it."

Major Pendleton telegraphs from Fort Morgan, Texas, to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, "We're getting along fine, thank you, and I have no more to say."

"I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral," writes E. Bragdon, of Palestine, Texas, "believing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

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